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SECRETARY STIMSON'S DECISION to go abroad and study European conditions at first hand is highly commendable, even though the European press is skeptical as to any direct result. The eagerness with which it has seized upon the news of Mr. Stimson's coming shows how great is the desire for some form of cooperation and some greater display of interest on the part of the United States in the grave crisis in which Europe finds itself. It is all very well to say that both Secretary Stimson and President Hoover have kept up to date through our official diplomatic representatives as to what is happening abroad. That is never the same as seeing for oneself and making the personal acquaintance of the men who are at the head of the various nations. Thus, the chief value of the conference between Chancellor Brüning and his Foreign Minister and Ramsay MacDonald and Arthur Henderson is that these several gentlemen have really had a chance to get to know one another. Their official relations can never be the same hereafter, but will be vastly improved and rendered more intelligent by the fact that they really understand the personalities to whom they are addressing their communications. Mr. Stimson has done such excellent work of late in the matter of clarifying and reaffirming our historic Caribbean policy on anti-imperialist lines that he merits the heartiest thanks of his countrymen. He has now the opportunity to win the regard of other nations as well, by coming to know personally and to understand thoroughly their grievous plight. It will be a test of his statesmanship the outcome of which will be eagerly awaited by the whole world.

RUMANIA APPEARS to have gone back to the days when Ion Bratianu could "make" elections by turning out overwhelming majorities for his Liberal Party almost at will. In the elections to the Chamber of Deputies on June 1 the government party, headed by Premier Jorga, won 299 of the 387 available seats. The National Peasant Party, headed by former Premier Maniu, obtained only 27 mandates. In the last general election, held December 12, 1928, the National Peasants won 322 seats, while Jorga's National Democratic Party was listed merely as one of the minor groups which between them won only 13 places. Why this pronounced reversal? Is it possible that Maniu's party could have so wantonly conducted itself in office as to have lost 90 per cent of its following? The answer is rather to be found in the peculiar electoral laws, which are a legacy of Bratianu's iron rule. These laws virtually guarantee a majority for the party in power. Added to this guaranty, the government has its police power, and, judging by dispatches from Bucharest, it did not hesitate to use this authority in the recent elections. More than 500 persons, including two former Cabinet members, were arrested in the province of Transylvania, the stronghold of the National Peasants. Police terrorism was also reported from other sections, and eight persons died in election fights, "most of them at the hands of gendarmes." Thus, to all appearances, King Carol has been provided with a parliament that will do his bidding, perhaps even to the extent of approving the dictatorship which most observers believe that he is planning.

OUR FOREIGN TRADE continues to decline despite all the every-day-in-every-way-better outpourings in Washington. Thus our exports for April were $20,993,223 below those of last March and no less than $117,844,458 below April, 1930. When it comes to imports, we find exactly the same story. Thus we purchased in April $23,859,421 less of goods from abroad than in March and $122,076,829 less than in the same month of 1930. Imports from all sources totaled only $185,747,102. The effect of our new tariffs upon our business with Canada is plainly shown by a cut from $64,000,274 in April of last year to $44,850,629 this year. These figures are certainly cruel to the Happiness Boys in Washington and especially to Julius H. Klein, who but a couple of weeks ago was unable to understand how anyone could be worried about our foreign trade. Especially pleasing to the New York Chamber of Commerce must be the fact that purchases by Soviet Russia showed a decline of $844,861 as contrasted with March and of $3,438,867 from April, 1930. The total remains at $6,786,831—still much too high for the chamber, which desires to cut off all trade with the Soviets. Incidentally, out of our total purchases of $185,747,102, we bought from Russia only to the extent of $926,292, as against $1,191,273 last year. Both figures reveal clearly in this magnitude how dreadfully Russia is dumping on our helpless shores. Had we worried less about Russian dumping and turned our attention instead to correcting some of the evils of the tariff, we might have avoided this costly trade shrinkage.

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MR. HOOVER'S ECONOMY PROGRAM moves on apace, at least in promises. Week by week the members of the Cabinet and some of their principal advisers are being summoned to Rapidan Camp for the week-end to tell the President what they can do, or think they can do, about cutting down departmental expenses. The latest to submit to retrenchment is the Navy Department, which hopes to save $25,000,000 by June 30, 1932. Approximately $10,000,000 of this sum, Mr. Hoover was told, has already been covered for the present fiscal year through reorganization of the fleet, partly by reducing the number of vessels in operation and partly by cutting down the personnel. Similar retrenchments, it is understood, will be carried through the coming fiscal year. One item of the program contemplates the dropping of Guam as a naval base, and perhaps its conversion into a national park under the supervision of the Department of the Interior. All this, of course, is just so much to the good for the hard-pressed Treasury, and the lopping off of a hundred million or so of needless expenditures, which seems easily possible at the rate at which Mr. Hoover is going, will set an example which States and municipalities may well take to heart. It is a chastening reflection to recall that the great reduction in the national debt which has been effected since the World War has been substantially balanced by a portentous increase in State and municipal indebtedness. The United States, in other words, has not actually been getting out of debt, but only changing the form and incidence of its indebtedness.

DESPITE PROTESTATIONS from the White House and fulminations from the American Federation of Labor, the process of wage cutting goes grimly forward. The Labor Bureau reports 155 wage reductions in March, following 231 in February and 341 in January. Among official surveys, that of the Bureau of Women in Industry of the New York State Department of Labor shows sharp declines in rates paid women workers of all grades in January and February last as compared with the fall of 1929. President Green in a recent address charged a "conspiracy" to lower wages, blaming the bankers as head villains in the piece. No one need seek a deliberate purpose to lower living standards in order to understand the action of employers in cutting wages in a desperate effort at cost reduction under pressure of continued depression, however unwise their action may be in many cases, and however likely to bring strikes in its train. With production down, how can wages stay up? The latest Federation of Labor survey of current business estimates wage losses during the first quarter of 1931 due to unemployment, part time, and wage cutting at more than $2,500,000,000 as compared with 1929, a sum which is estimated at more than 20 per cent of the total value of retail sales for the period. Even if business should take a turn for the better in the fall, the situation next winter will be critical in the extreme, with an enormous total of unemployment certain, with charitable funds drying up and municipalities having increasing difficulty in collecting taxes that can be used for relief purposes. The Labor Bureau remarks pertinently: "The American dole system is apt to collapse next winter, with results that nobody can foresee." Will the President indefinitely continue to insist that the federal government shall take no positive steps to meet this menacing situation?

THE DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE announced on June 2 that it would not appeal to the Supreme Court the adverse decision of the Circuit Court of Appeals on its suit to prevent the merger of the Standard Oil Company of New York and the Vacuum Oil Company. Attorney General Mitchell has thus far been unbending in enforcement of the Anti-Trust Act, but the abandonment of this suit seems to indicate increased willingness on his part to extend to former Standard Oil subsidiaries the application of the "rule of reason" laid down by the Supreme Court. There is renewed talk of other mergers, and the New York *Times* reports that plans for the consolidation of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey and the Standard Oil Company of California into the largest oil company in the world will take definite shape within sixty days unless Washington objects. During recent years efforts to bring about joint action by producers to stop the enormous wastes due to competitive drilling for oil have been viewed with favor by the Department of the Interior, but have been frowned upon by the Department of Justice. If the latter now ceases to discourage the merger of the old Standard companies into yet larger and more powerful units, the result may well be a freezing out of the weaker independents and a strengthening of Standard control which can only be to its advantage in the competition with its great British rival, the Royal Dutch-Shell. Certain possibilities of monopoly in the Standard of New York-Vacuum merger were suggested by Lawrence M. Hughes in *The Nation* of February 18. The advantages of unified control and development of our oil resources from the standpoint of economy and the prevention of waste are undeniable, but the government's program, so far as any program is visible, offers no satisfactory assurance of protection against the ever-present dangers of monopoly.

HOW SINCERELY the War Policies Commission has striven to hear both sides of the war-program question may be judged from the manner in which the commission abruptly adjourned its final session with three representatives of peace organizations still waiting to be heard. The entire morning of this concluding session was given over to questioning Representative La Guardia of New York and an official of the Treasury Department. The commission adjourned after its examination of these two men, but vigorous protests from the three peace representatives—Nevin Sayre, Norman Thomas, and Dorothy Detzer—led the members to reconsider their decision. They permitted statements from Sayre, Thomas, and Miss Detzer to be read, but did not think it necessary to cross-examine any of the three. Now that it has taken what it believes to be sufficient testimony to enable it to complete its appointed task, the commission will presumably get down to the earnest business of fashioning a war program for the United States. It must be noted, however, that the testimony and suggestions upon which it will base this program have come from dozens of persons who believe in military preparedness and in the inevitability of war. Those opposed who were heard numbered only five.

MICHIGAN HAS JUST PASSED a vicious anti-alien law. "Undesirable aliens," as defined by the laws of the United States, are prohibited from becoming legal residents of Michigan, or from having employment or engaging

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in business there. Everyone is forbidden to employ them. They are to be denied admission at the borders of the State (whether by detaining and examining all passengers on incoming trains is not specified), and if detected after entering they are subject to deportation. Yet further, all unnaturalized aliens are required to obtain from the commissioner of public safety certificates of legal residence, in connection with the issuance of which photographs or fingerprints may be required. An employer may not employ an alien who has no such certificate, but must, on the other hand, report him to the police, whose duty then is to hold him till his right of residence is proved or he is deported. The whole law is an extraordinary farrago of provisions calculated to make life as difficult as possible for alien residents by subjecting them to constant annoyance and police surveillance. The law has been promptly attacked on constitutional grounds by the local branch of the American Civil Liberties Union, which has sought an injunction restraining its enforcement, and the issue should be promptly carried to the highest court. All questions of constitutionality aside, it is impossible to condemn too strongly the spirit of narrow and fearful nationalistic selfishness that lies back of such legislation.

FRANK SPECTOR, one of the six men sentenced to terms of from three to forty-two years under California's criminal-syndicalism law in connection with the organization of the Imperial Valley cantaloupe pickers, is soon to be freed, his sentence having been reversed by the State Court of Appeals. It found no evidence that he had ever been in the Imperial Valley at the time in question. The conviction of the other five defendants was voided on two of the three counts, namely, that their membership in the Communist Party violated the criminal-syndicalism law, and that they conspired to advocate doctrines prohibited by that law. Their conviction on the ground of advocacy of such doctrines stands, however. The defense will appeal the case at once to the State Supreme Court, in the hope of preventing this obnoxious war-born law from being used to prevent activity of radical labor organizations in California.

EVERYONE INTERESTED in progressive education will rejoice that Bennington College in Vermont is going to open its doors on schedule to a first class of eighty girls in September, 1932, despite all difficulties caused by the business depression. We have not yet had a four-year college definitely embodying the principles of the so-called progressive education, and the plans for Bennington, which proposes to concentrate attention upon the discovery and encouragement of individual capacities, have accordingly awakened wide interest among students of education all over the country. Robert Devore Leigh, president of Bennington, is a man at once familiar with the best of the older educational practice and keenly interested in the principles and technique of the modern school. In beginning work in a remodeled barn rather than waiting for the money to complete its building program, the college testifies to its belief that education is not primarily a matter of material resources. Dr. Leigh and his associates will have the best wishes of a multitude of fellow-workers, both in the older colleges and in the progressive schools of the country, for the success of their undertaking may mean much for both types of institution.

Leaders or Followers?

PRECEDENT will certainly have been shattered if any considerable number of this year's college graduates are not reminded at Commencement time that they are the hope of the nation, and that upon their attitude toward affairs as they "go out into the world" will depend, in large measure, the welfare of the country. It is the annual iteration, timed to coincide with one of the appealing moments of life, of the idea that the future rests with youth, and that what on the social surface seems to be ordered and accustomed is in fact being constantly changed by inflowing streams of human newness. One wonders how the thousands of the degree-bearing host will respond to a summons which, after all, is only a rephrasing of one which many of them have often heard. There is hardly a college in the land that does not have in its faculty at least one teacher of open mind and courageous spirit whose classroom has been an invitation to clear thinking and right conduct in public matters. At no time have books and magazines critical of the existing social order and expounding programs of change been so widely read and discussed by undergraduates as at the present time, and men and women outside the faculty circle who want something better than we now have are heard in increasing numbers from college platforms or in the informal meetings of student groups. If there be, outside the college, a "life" for which the student is expected to prepare, the June graduates have not been isolated from it.

Yet we know only too well what will happen if the graduates of this year are not different from those who have gone before. There will be a few thousand more lawyers or doctors content with the financial rewards of routine practice, but closing their eyes to glaring professional abuses; more preachers unctuously trying to keep up theological appearances or turning to pulpit stunts to attract an audience; more merchants, manufacturers, and bankers blaming the government or the radicals for business troubles and exerting themselves only to resist reform; more engineers who have sold their souls to corporate plunderers; more Republicans and Democrats who have drifted into the party without asking why and stayed in it no matter how useless or corrupt it may have become; more men and women of social prominence or intellectual pretensions who pronounce politics a dirty mess, turn their backs upon it, and call themselves independent when they are really ignorant and lazy.

What America needs today is a stalwart, aggressive, self-conscious youth movement, grounded in eagerness for opportunity and an intelligent willingness to take a chance. It needs a sense of solidarity among its young intellectuals, its novelists, poets, dramatists, critics, artists, and scientists, not merely for the advancement of learning or various forms of art but for the betterment of a dull, unthinking, and leaderless people. It needs the solid weight of youthful opinion, backed by the substantial force of youthful votes, against high tariffs, the grasping methods of public-utility corporations, the too frequent partisan and personal wranglings and maneuvers of Congress, and disarmament that does not disarm. The men and women who are leaving the colleges have been told that they must save the nation. They have an opportunity now to show that they can.

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Roosevelt, Ritchie, and Pinchot

"THREE men and not mice," as Frank R. Kent put it in the Baltimore *Sun,* proved to be disturbers of traffic at the Governors' Conference at French Lick, Indiana, last week—disturbers of the traffic in platitudes and stupidities. Together Governors Roosevelt, Ritchie, and Pinchot wrecked the "shush-shush plan of timorous triteness" and ended the effort to have the governors avoid all controversial questions and say nothing that might hurt anybody's sensibilities or attract any attention whatever. They would not even have regard for the words of the program, or play the roles given to them. Thus, Governor Pinchot refused to be bound by the ridiculous subject assigned to him, "Timber Needs of the Future," and proceeded to talk about something very much less remote and far more vital, namely, the Power Trust. That was setting off explosives, indeed. But Governor Ritchie was not abashed by it. He was not down on the program for any speech, but this did not keep him from injecting considerable dynamite of his own. Refusing to keep silence in the face of the monstrous conditions in America, he declared that the presence among us of from five to eight million persons wanting work and unable to get it "constitutes the greatest challenge to our social order and the strongest argument in favor of communism," unless the problem is solved.

As for Governor Roosevelt, his subject was "Land Utilization and State Planning," a topic skilfully designed to keep him safe and sane. Instead, he allowed himself the luxury of a long introduction to his theme in which he too spoke of the distressing conditions confronting the nation, denounced the "Pollyannish methods" with which we approach our program, like Governor Ritchie painted a moving picture of the actual situation, and made a number of what might be called constructive suggestions, including a method of industrial insurance to take care of unemployment in periods of depression. It is hard to see what connection this had with land utilization, but it was a kind of State-planning that every man in high office ought to be thinking of and working on. Every one of these addresses was a contribution worth having. Had it not been for them the conference would have been forgotten in a day.

One can if one chooses say that these unexpected departures from the rules of the gubernatorial field day were dictated by political ambitions, and insinuate that if these three men had not been candidates for a higher office, they too would have accepted the role of gubernatorial futility. We do not believe this. They happen to be vigorous personalities in their own right. If thereby they have started the Presidential campaign a year ahead of time, we for ourselves are willing to acclaim them. We are going into one of the most serious Presidential elections in our history, one in which the American people will have to face an extraordinarily difficult choice under grave conditions. Any happening which might bring a number of candidates into the offing is most welcome. The more numerous and more outspoken the candidates the better, because the more difficult it will then be for the party in power to sidestep and pussyfoot and continue to mouth its nonsensical absurdities to the effect that times are improving, that the crisis is over, and that we are on the way uphill.

Particularly shall we rejoice if we may assume that Governor Pinchot has cast his hat into the ring. It will be a disgrace to every American if Mr. Hoover's so-called "right to renomination" is not promptly and honestly challenged within his own party. We hope that Governor Pinchot will enter numerous primaries, and that he will be willing to cooperate with those States which will have their favorite sons to put up, in order that the renomination of President Hoover, if it must be, shall not come to pass without plain speaking and vigorous attacks within the convention itself upon the man who will go down in history chiefly as one who stood unswervingly during the first three years of his Administration for the right of the American worker to die of starvation when he cannot get work—to die without let or hindrance, especially without any interference by that entity which we call government of, by, and for the people.

So in the case of Governor Ritchie and Governor Roosevelt. We cannot believe that either of these charming gentlemen is quite of the fiber that the hour calls for. If it is pleasant to have them recognize the all-overshadowing importance of the economic situation, it is also a fact that up to this time they have been sadly unaware in their public addresses of the all-important question of economic inequality. Either one of them would be the object of pity if he should enter the White House. Unless the economic and agricultural conditions right themselves faster than now appears possible, the man who succeeds President Hoover will be deserving of all possible sympathy. If the crisis continues we shall face vital economic changes. Only a man of unusual breadth and understanding and of rarest courage will be able to lead the country in such an emergency.

Particularly do we hope that neither Governor Roosevelt nor Owen D. Young will be nominated for the Presidency. The Governor has made an excellent record on Power. In his personality, his normality in his personal contacts, his courage on occasion, he has been so far superior to Mr. Hoover that many, we are sure, will see in him the man of the hour, as if he were not doomed to failure if elected by reason of the hopeless condition of his party, now the private property of John J. Raskob. The Governor has not demonstrated at Albany the possession of great qualities of leadership or a thorough understanding of the fundamental issues, of what it is really all about. He has just committed himself at French Lick to the absurdity of a scientific tariff; he has been a big-navy man; he was part and parcel of the Caribbean imperialism and World War folly of Woodrow Wilson, and, so far as we are aware, has never spoken out against the former. With all possible regard for his fine personal qualities, with the highest admiration for the superb moral courage he has shown in the face of the grave illness that overtook him and left him crippled, we still cannot feel that he is the man who will lead America out of the wilderness. Nor can we visualize Governor Ritchie, or even Governor Pinchot, in that capacity. They have had glimpses of a vision of the future, but only glimpses.

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Germany in the Last Ditch

The putting forth of the last power and reserves of the nation entitles the German Government, and makes it its duty toward the German people, to tell the world: The limits of the privations we have imposed on our people have been reached. . . . The government is conscious of the fact that the direly menaced business and financial position of the Reich calls imperatively for alleviation of the unbearable reparation obligations. The economic recovery of the world also depends upon it. The German nation is engaged in a decisive struggle for the future.

NO sincere man can read these words published on June 6 by the German Government and not feel moved by them and by the rest of the manifesto which accompanies its imposition of unbearable additional burdens upon its citizens. Germany has its back to the wall as truly as did the Allies in 1918. In unmistakable terms, with undeniable truth, the question has now been posed to every civilized country: Do you wish the German republic to go down into economic and political chaos, or do you not? As that question is answered in the next few weeks will be determined not only the fate of Germany, but perhaps the fate of Europe.

What we are witnessing is the culmination of what *The Nation* in its issue of May 17, 1919, called "The Madness at Versailles." That treaty was deliberately conceived to keep the German people in slavery for generations; it seemed deliberately written to make peace impossible in all of Europe, and it has accomplished that object. But more than that, it has helped to bring victors and vanquished to the point of economic collapse in which they find themselves today. Now, in June, 1931, almost twelve years after to a day, the German people, speaking through their government, serve notice that they have reached the last ditch; that they can endure nothing more and that they will not endure anything more, and that there must be an immediate change in the Young Plan of reparations if Germany is to go on. Every observer of any standing whatever who has studied on the spot the decline of Germany in the last twelve months knows that the manifesto from which we have quoted tells the simple and unvarnished truth. There are already protests, abuse, vilification, and charges of bad faith in France, and there will be more perhaps in other quarters. But every responsible statesman (we make no exception for France) knows in his heart of hearts that the manifesto states the truth and nothing but the truth. Indeed, we believe that even more serious statements have been made by the German Chancellor in his week-end conference at Chequers with Ramsay MacDonald and Arthur Henderson. If these British statesmen are not convinced that the time has come for Europe as a whole to safeguard itself against collapse, then we have misinterpreted their intelligence.

What has the German Government done at this last moment to prove its good faith? It has once more cut the salaries of all its civil-service employees by from 4 per cent for salaries under $750 a year up to 8 per cent for salaries over $3,000. All officials in country districts and in the small and middle-sized cities will have to sacrifice an extra 1 per cent, and this although all salaries were reduced by 6 per cent in February of this year. In order that no one shall charge the Cabinet ministers with favoring themselves, they have this time cut their salaries no less than 30 per cent. More than that, all railroad employees, all public-service corporation employees, and all employees of the Reichsbank are also subject to these cuts. That is bitter enough, as everyone knows who has observed the dreadful odds against which these employees have been struggling in their efforts to keep their homes together, but there is even worse to record. The dole for all the jobless has been cut 5 per cent; even the allowances to maimed veterans have been cut; in addition, the dole is hereafter not to be given to those under twenty-one, nor to married women. Seasonal workers will be aided only for twenty weeks, and then at about half of the present rate of unemployment insurance. These are literally hunger taxes; they will drive many a man and woman into a condition in which they will never be free from the gnawing pangs of inadequate nourishment. Finally there is the "crisis tax," planned to produce $100,000,000 in this budget year. Toward it wage-earners must pay 1 per cent on incomes under $60 a month, while monthly salaries of $375—very high for Germany—will be decreased by $15.

Not even these additional burdens give the slightest assurance that they will make safe the present German Government, or afford it the income that it needs. This is because there is an unknown quantity in the computations of the Reich as of every state, city, and commune, and that is the number of unemployed. The government believes that it can balance its budget with the aid of these new demands upon a war-worn and postwar-shocked people, because it reckons on only 4,500,000 unemployed next winter. That is a dangerously frail hope, for there are today 4,250,000 unemployed, and we have heard from competent sources lately that this figure may reach 7,000,000 by the first of February next. If this happens, heaven help Germany! Meanwhile the Chancellor returns from Chequers to face a most dangerous political situation at home. The Socialists and the extreme conservatives are bitterly opposed to his new tax program. If the former refuse further to go along with him, there is likely to be a new Chancellor. Perhaps only a quick decision to call a new conference for the revision of the Young Plan can save him.

We repeat, this is the last ditch and it is now for Europe and the United States to decide. Senator Borah does well to stress again the need of disarmament abroad as a prerequisite to sanitation, and to favor revision of reparations. But the United States cannot stop there. For it now faces the fact that a German move for a revision of the Young Plan is actually in sight, with its consequent effect upon the payments by France and Great Britain to us. But far more important than that is the simple fact that the German republic is now in the balance, and that it is up to the leading statesmen of the world to decide whether there shall be violent revolution and chaos in Germany, and probably all through Europe if Germany goes down, or not.

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I Work for Russia

VI. The Life of the Engineer*

By WALTER ARNOLD RUKEYSER

THE conditions of life of the American engineer working in the Soviet Union vary as greatly as do all other things in the present Russian experiment. I have heard of an American living alone far from any city or village in what was barely more than a hut. I have seen American engineers in Sverdlovsk living with their wives and children in two or more rooms in the hotel. I have known others, in operations which use large numbers of foreign technicians, who had modern, American-type housekeeping apartments in buildings specially constructed for foreigners, or were quartered in single or two-family houses supplied with every modern convenience. In very large operations, such as the Magnetogorsk development, which has got under way only within the past year, and which will require the services of a large American contingent, I am told that tennis courts and even a golf course are to be provided for the foreign engineers and their families.

To return, however, to our personal experience. Upon our arrival at Asbest, when we were beginning the last phase of the work under my third contract with the Soviets, my wife and I were shown to a big old house erected many years ago under the former regime. It was the house in which we had been quartered during our first trip out to the mines in 1929, when I was acting in a consulting capacity only. At that time we were housed as the guests of a Russian engineer (he was actually a Finn) with his wife and family, and we had nothing to do with the housekeeping. My new contract called for a six-room "apartment," and since in Russia the kitchen is not considered a room, this was probably the only house in Asbest which, strictly speaking, was of the stipulated size. We found the house too large for our needs, and particularly depressing to us in the absence of our former friends. Upon expressing our feelings in the matter at the office, we were at once tendered one half of a new and delightful two-family house, the other half of which was tenanted by the technical director and his family.

All housing provision was in charge of a special director personally responsible for our comfort. We were permitted to assemble such furnishings as were available either in the general store-sheds or in quarters vacant at the time. The house had been built only a little over a year, and made up one of the new units of the housing program. It had a splendid location on a height with a beautiful outlook over the lake; it was surrounded by evergreens and was adjacent to the hotel just completed. On the first floor were the typical Russian kitchen, maid's room, dining-room with open fireplace, bath, and storage space, with a front and a back porch. On the upper floor were the living-room, bedroom, and a small room which we used for our trunks and luggage. The furniture, including the beds, was comfortable, though plain. We had no rugs on the floors. The walls inside and out were stuccoed with asbestos plaster over the logs of which the house was built. There were two porches on this upper floor also, which afforded us delightful evenings during the summer. The "color scheme" was, as always in Russia, supplied internally and externally by whitewash. On the whole the place was quite comfortable—plain to the point of severity, to be sure, yet scrupulously clean and light, airy, and cheerful.

The rooms were heated by the typical built-in oven, extending from floor to ceiling. These ovens are of brick and so constructed as to form a portion of a wall or corner, extending into adjacent rooms. They burn wood, which even when wet burns readily. As soon as the fire has been well started, the iron door of the furnace is screwed tightly shut and the wood, instead of burning and giving a quick flash heat, chars slowly, giving off a steady heat for several hours. This heat is absorbed by the heavy brickwork of the oven proper and is radiated into the rooms for several hours after the fuel has been entirely consumed. It is remarkable how really hot these Russian ovens can keep the houses even at the prevailing winter outside temperature of forty to fifty degrees below zero.

The Russian devotion to hermetically sealed living and working quarters is worthy of comment. As soon as the weather turns at all cold, double windows are affixed throughout, and even the cracks are puttied. An opening in the window possibly six by fifteen inches is then expected to supply all requirements for fresh air. Circulation is supposed to be effected by a vent built into the oven.

In respect to maids we were extremely fortunate. A departing German engineer had told us about his former maîtresse d'hôtel; she was a marvelous cook, she was honest, she was clean, a willing worker—and red-headed. We obtained her services. She asked twenty rubles (about ten dollars) a month and room with board. Her name, familiarly speaking, was Katya. She was a gem of a servant—she could get more out of the few ingredients available than anyone else in our experience. We were initiated into such Russian delicacies as beef Strogonoff, which under deft ministrations tasted just as well as if the basic element were not horseflesh instead of cow. Her accounts were always in order. She was the soul of cleanliness. She bargained with the peasants who almost daily came to our back door with every conceivable article of food from cucumbers to wild ducks as conscientiously as though she were spending her own money. These bickerings used to be one of our great sources of amusement.

One of the cooperative stores was more or less set aside for the foreigners—in our case several German engineers from the firm of Humboldt and our own household. We could buy commodities in as large amounts as were available. Although we were supplied with "books" to be used in our purchase of certain commodities which were rationed to the Russians, we were not in any sense of the word restricted as to the quantities which we could buy at any one time.

* The last of a series of six articles.—Editor The Nation.

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Our great difficulty was the irregularity of supplies. When eggs were in stock, we would buy a case of one hundred, for there might be no eggs again for a considerable time. Naturally, without any other refrigeration facilities than a cellar, which to be sure did remain surprisingly cold even in the hottest weather, food bought in large quantities often went bad before we could use it.

The foodstuffs which we purchased at the cooperative were always reasonably priced. When meat was available—and there were periods when we could buy it daily for weeks and others when we could not for love or money buy a single gram—the prices were often lower than here in America. For example, we paid seventy-two kopeks for a kilogram of lamb (thirty-six cents for about two and one-fifth pounds). We paid six kopeks (three cents) apiece for eggs, twenty-four kopeks a liter (about a quart) for milk, and so on. When the cooperative was out of these commodities, we could often purchase them from the peasants either at the bazaar or at our own door. Then we paid the inflated prices prevailing on the open market, such as forty kopeks (twenty cents) apiece for eggs, five rubles ($2.50) a kilo for meat, and so on. When it came to paying habitually a ruble and a half for a liter of milk with none available at the stores, I registered a mild and good-natured complaint with the manager of the cooperative. Shortly after we had milk, as much as we wanted, and daily, at the old prices. I found that a great deal depended upon the personnel in the cooperative. The first manager always seemed to have ways and means to supply us with our immediate necessities. The man who replaced him later would strike a good average for a few days "and then came the drought." A protest, with resulting deluge, would be followed by a lapsing back to the attitude of *nichevo*. This probably explains the great divergence of reports emanating from Russia as to the cost of things and as to how Americans live in the Soviet Union. In Moscow, for example, where over two million people must be fed, there was during our stay last June a virtual shortage of nearly everything. Even at the hotels catering primarily to foreigners there was no coffee, no sugar, no butter, and rarely meat. Out in the Urals we found everything—meats in great variety, butter, sugar, even excellent table wines and beer. We were in the center of a farming and cattle country. The shortage in the large centers seemed to be due largely to a breakdown in the transportation and distributing systems, coupled with the lack of refrigeration facilities both in transit and in storage. In the winter just the reverse was true. Everything was to be had in Moscow and we had a downright shortage in the Urals. For two weeks in December we had no meat at all. Only horseflesh was to be purchased at exorbitant prices from the peasants. We lived on eggs, frozen fish, and *blini* (if my readers have not tasted American-type pancakes served with whipped sour cream and caviar on top, I suggest they do so). But in Moscow the famous "Promparty" trial had just been completed, the "enemy from within" had been exposed and sentenced to punishment, and the Moscow "front" was supplied with every conceivable foodstuff. The extremely low winter temperatures prevailing at those latitudes (the days are correspondingly short, dark till nearly ten in the morning and again before four in the afternoon) permit the transit of perishables away from the areas of production to the large centers of population.

Thus we lived through periods of plenty followed by periods of less "luxury." To buy food as we are accustomed to do here is impossible in that part of Russia in which we lived and worked. Everything is purchased at one store, from preserved fruits and vegetables from the Caucasus to hunks of meat of local origin. Green fresh vegetables were available, owing to the shortness of the season, only for about four weeks during the latter part of July and early August. Then we could get peas, beans, lettuce, tomatoes, and the like. On the whole the American engineer and his family out in the "sticks" will probably find their diet monotonous unless they have such an exceptional cook as we were blessed with. Our table was augmented also by many varieties of game during the season—wild duck, goose, dove, pheasant, *gluckha* (a bird not unlike our wild turkey, extremely palatable, for which we have no true counterpart in this country), venison occasionally, also a bearsteak now and then.

Our amusement had to be found entirely within ourselves and our little group of friends. Everyone did everything possible to make us happy, and contrary to the general situation in Russia, our Russian coworkers visited us frequently and we them. Such occasions were always festive. The Russians love sociability. The main meal was at four in the afternoon, always with soup and as elaborate as possible. We drank and smoked and talked and ate. The educated Russian knows how to drink and hold it, mainly because he always eats and drinks at the same time. Hours were consumed in discussing philosophies of life and telling how we work and do things in America. More often the topic of conversation would be our work at Asbest. We accomplished perhaps as much at these informal round tables as at our offices. Chess was a great source of entertainment. Nearly every educated Russian plays the game and well. Cards are taboo as being too bourgeois, though my wife and I killed many hours at "Russian Bank," which we found wasn't Russian after all.

Two splendid riding horses had been supplied us, with brand-new pigskin saddles. Daily during the lovely hot summer days we rode out over the steppes, through the forests and over the tundra, covering possibly fifty or sixty miles in four or five hours. The Siberian and Tartar ponies are tireless. We picked armfuls of exquisite wild flowers of every conceivable variety. We stopped at the river and *au naturel* enjoyed a swim in the cool, clear water. The Russians, we found, were quite naive about nude bathing, though at the mines, at least, the men and women seemed always to seek separate swimming places. Their attitude toward the human body is simple, unaffected, almost childlike.

We refreshed ourselves on our long rides by stopping at an occasional peasant home where *kvass* or *kumiss* (fermented mare's milk) was usually available. There is a sanatorium in the Urals for the treatment of tuberculosis where the main article of diet consists of this *kumiss*.

Occasionally we had a really enjoyable movie, and very rarely an American film. We saw an old picture of Harold Lloyd's last summer, and two or three other American comedies came out to Asbest. The Russians seem to enjoy these pictures of ours above everything else, and the comedies especially appeal to their love of laughter. Then, too, we occasionally had good musical programs even out at the mines—a balalaika orchestra or a string quartet, all part of the cultural program for the people.

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"Hire Learning" at Ohio State

By NORMAN THOMAS

A SPLENDID laboratory for the study of what has been called the "hire learning" in America is to be found on the campus of the great Ohio State University at Columbus. Not for many years has there been so clear a demonstration that a board of trustees, dominated by the usual business ideals, expects its students to be docile Babbitts in embryo, its university president to be a high-grade office manager, and its faculty to conform or get out.

Two highly pertinent editorial paragraphs in *The Nation* for June 3 called attention to the refusal of the trustees to renew their contract with Professor Herbert Adolphus Miller, together with its apparent background of student—and some faculty—opposition to military training, and its aftermath of the most naively frank statements of a university board's conception of its relations to a faculty that have been written in recent years. The story is worth telling at more length.

Ohio State University is one of three State-maintained universities in a State more generously sprinkled with colleges, public and private, than Jack Horner's pie with plums. Until the beginning of this century the material development of Ohio State University, at least in comparison with the development of the corresponding institutions in Wisconsin, Illinois, and Michigan, was retarded by various academic, local, and rural jealousies. Within the last generation, however, it has received large appropriations, and has forged far ahead of its former rivals, the other State-supported colleges, in equipment and attendance. Moreover, until recently the superficial observer and also, I think, the more careful student of American universities would have placed Ohio State University among the more competent and liberal of our great State institutions. It had a very active military department and compulsory training, it is true, but it had also a more lively opposition to such training than existed in most universities; in the critical departments of history, political science, economics, and sociology it boasted a somewhat unusual group of able men, apparently entirely free to speak their minds. Among them Professor Herbert A. Miller stood out, less, perhaps, by reason of his academic work than because of his public interest in problems of race and nationality, and his real services to President Masaryk of Czecho-Slovakia in the war days when that country's declaration of independence was written.

During all this time the university was under the control of a board of seven which had expressly reserved the right to make yearly contracts, and only yearly contracts, with the staff from president to the youngest instructor. This board, in turn, has been completely dominated, not by the president of the university, Dr. George W. Rightmire—a personally likable man, vigorous in neither health nor spirit—but by Julius F. Stone (born Stein), president of the board, of which he has been a member since 1909.

Nobody doubts that in his own way Mr. Stone loves the university, and has something more than the usual layman's interest in some forms of scientific research. But that is not why he is president of the board of a great university. The appropriate reason for his position is his standing as an industrialist and banker. He is today head of the Wolfe interests in Columbus, and these interests control one of Columbus's largest banks (Mr. Stone is a director), the BancOhio chain of banks (Mr. Stone is president), and two Columbus newspapers, the *Ohio State Journal* and the Columbus *Dispatch*. Mr. Stone is also chairman of the board of the Seagrave Corporation, which makes fire engines. In general the Wolfe interests dominate Columbus business, and until very lately have had tremendous political power in the city and at the State Capitol no matter which party was in control. Who, then, by American standards, could be more fit than this big-business leader for a high educational post? Well, he has it, and by universal testimony he, who is a strong-minded person, dominates the board to which the new Democratic governor, the supposedly liberal Mr. White, has recently reappointed him.

But things haven't been going so well in these hard times. Candidates in Columbus supposedly backed by the Wolfe crowd went down to defeat last November. The present legislature, now in session, is wrestling with a muddled tax situation in Ohio; it wants to save money, and a cut in the appropriation for Ohio State University might recommend itself to legislators some of whom come from cities with municipal universities of their own, or from towns and counties friendly to other colleges, public or private.

To add to Mr. Stone's worries, while everything was up in the air, some 700 pesky students, after a lot of discussion freely permitted on the campus, signed a petition asking for optional military drill. Still worse, the faculty indorsed the petition by the close vote of 83 to 79. The vote was taken before the head of the fifty-two military men assigned to teach the young idea to shoot, Colonel Grosvenor Townsend, had made his speech. Ostensibly for this reason President Rightmire called another faculty meeting. Things weren't pleasant. The Colonel was talking about Communists as the authors of anti-militarism. Some patriot in the legislature had introduced a resolution to investigate "those faculty members supporting the optional-drill movement." That faculty meeting was the biggest in years. Under some sort of pressure men came who had to have a Boy Scout show them the way to the meeting place. There were many motions, and on the real test votes the supporters of compulsory drill won about two to one. But the vote given out to the press was not the vote on the vital issue, but on a formal motion to transmit the student petition with the unfavorable recommendation of the faculty. This vote, understood to be simply a registering of the facts, was passed 144 to 9, and was deliberately announced to the press to give the impression of an overwhelming reverse for opponents of compulsory drill.

But even this victory for compulsory drill, exaggerated by the Wolfe press, was not enough to ease Mr. Stone's

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mind. He put through the trustees a statement rejecting the student petition about drill and moralizing on the purposes of the university. Compulsory military drill was declared to be among "those educational activities that have stood the test of time." The statement ended with the extraordinary "if you don't like it, get out" paragraph which *The Nation* has already quoted. Never was the duty of professors to conform more baldly stated:

> The board feels that the university should not be subjected to emotional criticism because of the unripe vociferations of a small group of students and a very few members of the faculty, who are under no compulsion to come here and under none to remain unless they can subscribe to the fundamental purposes of this university.

No wonder that fifty-six professors and seventy-seven instructors formally protested, and that five deans have declared the innocence of the whole faculty of communism or any offense against academic propriety! The docile Dr. Rightmire had to back up his bosses, the trustees, by a statement of his own amplifying the argument of the board.

Then, perhaps as a warning that papa could spank as well as lecture naughty little professors, Professor Herbert A. Miller was notified that his contract would not be renewed. Mr. Miller had been somewhat active against compulsory drill, but the statement concerning his discharge gave other reasons and alleged that the decision to get rid of him had been reached months previous to the fight on militarism and had been, supposedly, communicated to Mr. Miller by President Rightmire. The latter had, indeed, talked to Mr. Miller in the fall, but by no means in terms of anything more than a desire to clear up some misunderstandings. Hence Mr. Miller had taken no step either to defend his cause or to get another place.

And what were the alleged reasons for eliminating in this offhand fashion a man of real distinction for many public services? These: that Professor Miller's teachings on race relations had brought complaints from parents, and that in India he had expressed an improper degree of sympathy for Gandhi! With regard to the first charge, of itself impertinent, irrelevant, and unsupported by evidence, the head of Mr. Miller's department (sociology) has said that he had received and heard of no complaints from parents. The second is one of the most ridiculous reasons ever given for discharging a professor. It appears that the German-born Mr. Stone and company are more zealous for British supremacy in India than the British, for the British government has never made any complaint concerning Professor Miller. And the particular speech which so shocked Mr. Stone, both in its summary version as given by Mr. Miller and its longer version as discovered by the trustees in a Bombay paper, is a mild expression of interest in Gandhi's tactics, the kind of interest felt by hundreds of thousands of Americans. To discharge a professor for it is a most contemptible truckling, unasked, to foreign imperialism. Of course it is inconceivable that the Gandhi episode is anything but a pretext. Now the Stone crowd have found other pretexts, equally weak: (1) that when Mr. Miller spoke in Korea before a meeting arranged by some of his former students in America, the Japanese police ended the meeting while Mr. Miller was explaining the Czecho-Slovakian independence movement (true, but not at all discreditable to a professor in the land of Jefferson and Lincoln); and (2) that he had been unwelcome at Oberlin, where he formerly taught (emphatically false, as his Oberlin friends proved).

Mr. Stone's dictatorship did not neglect his press. The *Ohio State Journal* and the *Dispatch* by cartoons and editorials and columnist chatter have tried to make out that the university trustees are saving the institution from the "reds." The columnist, Hugh Fullerton, with an eye on the rural vote, waxes sentimental over the glories of the American farm—he forgets the mortgage and the price of wheat—and sees the youthful red from the university redeemed from the error of his ways by a combination of hard work and home cooking. In a *Dispatch* cartoon a mother sheep labeled Common Sense consoles herself with thinking how her errant lambs, gone after a Billy Goat Professor to red pastures, will miss her at "dinner time"—a naive commentary on the strictly utilitarian purposes of education.

It is fair to say that Mr. Stone has not found his university students or faculty or even public opinion so docile as his university president and his papers. Three thousand students, without delay, signed a petition for Professor Miller's reinstatement. A special petition was presented by graduate students with equal enthusiasm. A formal demand has been presented by faculty members for an investigation of the situation by the Association of University Professors. Altogether I found on the campus during a recent visit a livelier degree of social and intellectual interest than is usual in that annex to the stadium which we call the college campus in America. Mr. Stone must rejoice that the end of the academic year is near.

Aside from college sentiment, newspaper comment in the principal papers—especially the Scripps-Howard papers in Ohio—has inclined toward support of Professor Miller. His own varied activities have given him the friendship and support of such diverse groups as the Negroes, many recent immigrant groups, notably the Czecho-Slovaks, who are strong in Cleveland, and some of the best leaders of Protestant and Jewish thought. Sixty-eight Columbus clergymen have sent to the board a letter criticizing its action with great severity. Resolutions for an investigation of the dismissal of Professor Miller and of the business administration of the university, the latter aimed at certain alleged transactions involving members of the board of trustees, have been introduced into the legislature. Governor White may have reason to be less nonchalant than he was when he told the student committee which waited on him and an insistent photographer: "Oh, no, I don't want a picture taken. If I did, why Rightmire, or whatever his name is, might come down here and want his picture taken, too. You've got your publicity now and that's enough."

There can be no solution of this situation which does not reinstate Professor Miller, rescind the limitations upon faculty freedom implied in the trustees' statement, and permit student discussion on such pertinent issues as college militarism. Anything less will leave Ohio State University a school for "hire learning" in the most literal sense.

The situation is particularly a challenge to youth and to the teaching profession. Unless things are changed in Columbus, every young man or woman who goes to Ohio

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State will know that he and his professors on certain vital matters must think—or at any rate talk—as Mr. Julius Stone thinks proper or get out. Education will be crassly a process of getting certain information for the sake of "success" in a world in which bankers, with the approval of the legislators, are the final authority on militarism, race relations, and economic wisdom.

At least equally concerned must be the whole academic profession. Acquiescence in the Ohio situation is unadorned prostitution of loyalty to truth, to be excused only for the same economic reasons that excuse the women who follow the oldest of professions. If to teach sociology at a university one must refrain from offending the race prejudice of any parent, must express no interest in Gandhi's technique of revolution, and must stimulate no students to question compulsory militarism, then to teach sociology is an intellectual slavery worse than the devotion of any theologian to a rigid creed; for a theologian's creed has at least a nobler background than the prejudices and self-interest of the particular Babbitts who are the fount of academic power. At the very least it must be understood that a man taking Professor Miller's place becomes by that act an outcast and pariah from his own profession. In general, an academic blacklist against an unrepentant university would be a salutary and in the long run a very powerful thing.

Finally, the situation at Ohio State University raises once more the question of the competence of democracy and the validity of its ideals. Our State universities at best are proof of a genuine hunger of democracy for education. That is not education which subordinates the quest for truth to the service of existing prejudice. Democracy fastens on itself its own chains whenever in the name of patriotism or any popular prejudice it lets its own friends and servants, the seekers after truth, be made the victims of that sort of disguised economic dictatorship which Mr. Julius Stone of the Wolfe interests so conspicuously typifies.

Hoover's Public-Buildings Bluff

By RUBY A. BLACK

Washington, June 5

MISREPRESENTATION of the federal government's contribution to employment through its public-buildings program continues. The Department of Labor told the Interdepartmental Public Buildings Committee that a $10,000,000 construction project, taking two years to complete, provides 1,000 jobs for men on actual construction, with three to five men working in fabrication plants for every man working on the building itself. Thus a $10,000,000 job provides work for an average of 4,000 to 6,000 workers for two years. But in estimating the number of jobs given by the federal building program, no Administration speaker has ever estimated less than 6,000 jobs for every $10,000,000 of construction.

Fourth Assistant Postmaster General John W. Philp told the Bronx Board of Trade that the federal government is spending $504,000,000 for construction of public buildings outside the District of Columbia. The authorized program for buildings and sites is $415,000,000. Some $69,000,000 will be added to this by funds realized from the sale of old buildings and sites, which can be used for other projects. That makes $484,000,000 that can be spent to buy sites and construct buildings outside the national capital in the ten-year program begun in theory in 1926 and ending in theory in 1936. Mr. Philp, whose letters to Congressmen indicate that in his comparatively short time in Washington he has not yet learned the difference between an appropriation and an authorization or allocation, got up to $504,000,000 by adding $20,000,000 which it is estimated the government will save by getting buildings constructed for less than the limit of cost set by law for each project. Of course, the $20,000,000 can be twice allocated on paper, but it cannot buy land twice, give jobs in factories twice, or give jobs twice to mechanics and laborers on construction.

On the projects put under contract between last June and last December, the cost of the land amounted to about one-sixth of the total limit of cost, and the savings to about one-fourth. If the sites continue to cost what they have been costing, at least $80,000,000 of the $484,000,000 will be spent on sites alone, and probably one-fifth, or about $95,000,000, will actually be spent on land, since the government already owned land on which many of last year's buildings were being constructed. Buying land puts money into circulation but it does not immediately put men to work. That leaves from $390,000,000 to $400,000,000 to be spent on materials and labor—and profits to contractors—during the total ten-year program, or 156,000 to 240,000 man-years, averaging 15,600 to 24,000 jobs a year.

If the Treasury realizes its hopes, expressed to the Senate Committee on Appropriations, and spends $85,000,000 on actual construction in 1931, jobs will be provided for 8,500 men on construction work and for from 25,500 to 42,500 in factories and plants—a total of 34,000 to 51,000 men. It has never yet been able to live up to its hopes for annual construction.

The Treasury Department, with its tremendous job of buying land at reasonable rates, selecting sites which will suit the ofttimes cantankerous demands of local interests selfishly concerned over the location of their post-office buildings, condemning sites through the Department of Justice, getting that department to work promptly on clearing titles to land, is not to be blamed for the slowness in actual construction which has marked the federal public-buildings program to date. Some hard-working men are devoting their best efforts to putting the program through as speedily, as fairly, as effectively as possible, but they are hampered by local squabbles over sites or materials to be used, and they are kept in a constant "talk-fest" by Congressmen pressing for action on their pet projects. Until recently they have been hampered by law.

The Administration, however, is definitely to blame for at least three things: its slowness to recognize the need and appropriate more funds, as it did shortly before the end of the Seventy-first Congress; its failure to recommend the

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legislation cutting red tape in federal building work, which was passed at the end of the third session of the Seventy-first Congress and might as well have been passed early in the second session, if not in the special session; and its repeated misrepresentation of the program actually under way.

Worst among the offenders against the intelligence of the ordinary observer, by its misrepresentation of the federal public-buildings program actually effective in providing jobs for the jobless, is the President's Emergency Committee for Employment. The Washington newspaper correspondent who receives this committee's hand-outs daily and who likewise knows intimately what is going on in the federal building program is likely to exaggerate but slightly in saying that the committee has provided more jobs for publicity writers, paper-makers, mimeographers, stencil producers, and ink manufacturers than the federal building program has provided for building workers.

Colonel Arthur Woods of the President's Committee gave out to the press at the beginning of 1931 "progress reports" on the status of the federal building program in groups of States. These "progress reports" always started off with a lead like the following: "A progress report on the $22,643,200 federal building program in the six New England States was made by the Treasury Department today to Colonel Arthur Woods, chairman of the President's Emergency Committee for Employment. The statement covers fifty-eight separate projects, and shows the status of each as of January 12."

Examining that report, we find that in Maine, for example, not one project of the eight mentioned as a $1,658,600 program was under actual construction. As a matter of fact, the Treasury had awarded, before the specified date, only one construction contract of this group in Maine, the contract for excavating the ground for the $400,000 addition to the federal courthouse at Portland, the contract being for $1,380. It was not awarded until December 10, 1930. This test, applied to the entire list of New England projects in order to see how many dollars have been "put in the pockets of grimy overalls," as Assistant Secretary of Commerce Julius Klein puts it, reveals that only $2,890,902 worth of construction was under contract in these States during 1930, and some of the contracts were awarded late in the year. On the basis of 1,000 workers for every $10,000,000 worth of construction on a two-year project, with five others working in fabrication plants for every construction worker, this New England program meant work for not more than 1,800 workers as a generous allowance.

The largest figure mentioned in one of these "progress reports" was in the report on "the present $57,863,000 federal building program in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, and Kentucky." Note the word "present." But of the sixty-four projects listed, with this great limit of cost, only thirteen were under contract, the construction contracts amounting to $2,225,540 in these five States.

Contracts awarded between June 1 and November 15, 1930, as listed by Treasury officials, involved total limits of cost amounting to $41,838,000, but the contract obligations on these amounted to only $21,726,938. Of the $41,838,000, purchase of sites had taken $6,621,244; $1,284,059 had been reserved for various equipment and minor finishing work; $1,268,950 was set aside for contingencies, leaving a saving of $10,836,809 on these projects, which may be used in later work. The projects put under contract after June 1 last would probably mean 8,400 to 13,000 jobs. During the calendar year 1930, projects under contract involved limits of cost amounting to $65,070,000, but the construction contracts on these projects amounted to only $38,273,393.20. This includes those begun but not finished before the first of 1930 and those begun but not finished before the end of 1930. This amount of construction provides 15,200 to 22,800 jobs.

In the District of Columbia the program has apparently progressed more rapidly. During 1930 the following projects were completed: Administration building of the Department of Agriculture, $1,948,138.50 contract; Government Printing Office building, $1,237,327.37 contract; Internal Revenue building, $9,104,866.11 contract.

During 1930 the following contracts were awarded or were still running for construction in the District of Columbia: for the building of the Department of Agriculture, $2,075,000, with an additional $159,216 for elevators; Department of Commerce building, said to be the largest office building in the world, $13,567,000, with some $600,000 or $700,000 worth of electric-lighting fixtures and elevators likewise to be installed; office building for Congressmen, excavation and foundation, $163,000, and superstructure contract, not awarded until December, 1930, amounting to $5,270,000. These contracts would mean, according to their estimates, from 8,400 to 12,600 jobs.

Furthermore, it was not until the Seventy-first Congress approached its end that Congress finally determined that Uncle Sam should, in the future, not be a "scab" employer. Then it passed a measure requiring that the local rate of wages be paid on federal construction projects.

In the meanwhile, complaints had been placed before the Treasury and Post Office departments, and before Congress, against the wages paid by contractors constructing federal buildings. In Kingsport, Tennessee, a labor foreman made an affidavit that he was working for 25 cents an hour on the post-office building. The carpenter foreman on the same job swore he was getting 60 cents an hour. A skilled carpenter, with twenty-five years' experience, swore he worked for 50 cents an hour on the same building. Another got 30 cents an hour. The wage scale for carpenters in Kingsport has been 70 cents an hour for three years, according to the local union.

The Bricklayers, Masons, and Plasterers International Union of America complained to the President last December about the employment of cheap non-union labor on numerous federal building projects, including post offices, veterans' hospitals, and other federal structures in various States. It was only after these complaints poured in that the Administration decided it must follow the advice it has been giving private employers and insist upon maintaining fair wages.

Again the Treasury was not to be blamed, for under the law it must award the contract to the lowest responsible bidder. The White House must shoulder the onus. The Treasury could not, prior to a law recently passed, specify that the regular wage rate and local labor (rather than imported Mexican labor, for example, as was used on some Texas projects) be employed. Representative Robert Low Bacon, regular Republican Congressman, scion of a rich, prominent, conservative Long Island family, once pointed

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out that an executive order could do what the Congress later did. No such executive order was ever issued. A law was finally passed. But the Administration should have seen that the law was passed at the very beginning of the federal building program.

The federal public-buildings program is doubtless adding to employment. The last session of the Seventy-first Congress added to the effectiveness and speed of that program. But most of the actual construction work speeded up to help out during the depression will not mean any jobs for a year or two. There was not the slightest reason why the special session called by President Hoover immediately after his inauguration should not have done all the things which the final session of the Seventy-first Congress, two years later, did. It usually takes two years after the funds are appropriated to get a public building started. The additional $100,000,000 authorized for federal buildings was not even appropriated in the Seventy-first Congress, and cannot be appropriated, barring a special session, before next spring. Even if it should be appropriated, it could not be put to work unless more architects, more administrators (such as L. C. Martin, special assistant to Assistant Secretary of the Treasury Ferry K. Heath, who bears most of the real brunt of the federal building program), and more assistant district attorneys to clear site titles should be employed.

Herbert Hoover, if he thought about it at all, knew this when he was inaugurated. He and his henchmen did nothing but boast and oppose the bills introduced by Senator Robert F. Wagner of New York, which might have been of some aid. Any Washington newspaper correspondent who has followed the federal building program for small-city papers, to which the progress of the local federal building is the most important Washington news, could have told him what was delaying the federal building program and how to speed it up. So could have L. C. Martin. The information, based on experience, was all available by 1929, three years after the original Elliott-Fernald public-buildings law was passed. The aids to speeding up the program were comparatively simple and could as well have been adopted in the special session of 1929 as in the final session of 1930-31.

In other words, the federal building program, while, as far as I can tell, honestly and intelligently administered by the minor officials charged with carrying it out, has been marked by delays, by bungling, by misrepresentation, by refusal to see the needed changes in legislation and to get them promptly effected. Congress has so far never refused to pass any public-buildings measure recommended by the Administration except one which would have made possible a wild riot of corruption and political favoritism—the proposal that construction contracts be awarded without competitive bidding. All other measures to cut red tape, to speed up plans, such as employing outside architects and taking immediate possession of sites under condemnation, all measures to increase authorized appropriations from the original $215,000,000 to the present $415,000,000, have been promptly passed by Congress as soon as the President gave the word. If the President had given the word sooner on the legislation passed at the end of the Seventy-first Congress, the federal building program might have meant something in relieving unemployment in 1930 and 1931.

In the Driftway

A FRIEND of the Drifter's, country-bred and city-dwelling, tried to still his nostalgia for New England a few years ago by buying a farm. The house, sturdily built 150 years ago, needed some patching, which he dutifully accomplished. As dutifully he supplied his family with the necessary articles of furniture, the necessary water fixings, the requisite furnace and woodpiles, and playhouses for his children, and electricity, and hot-water heaters. Then it must be that he gave a sigh of relief and turned to more essential matters. Down in the meadows just below the house, where they successfully obscured the view of the spreading valley, stood a tangle of barns. There was—or it might be more correct to say there had once been—a cow barn with elaborate buggy sheds abutting on it; there was a large horse barn; there was a manure shed in a highly dilapidated condition; there was a great barn for hay; there was a milk-house, an ice-house, a chicken house. A village for live stock, in short. Only he had no live stock. What family he had was soundly housed in the middle of a grassed yard, carefully kept. What should he do with the barns?

* * * * *

THERE was plenty of advice forthcoming wherever he sought it. Almost everyone told him to tear them down; or at least to tear parts of them down. To recover the view, to recover the lumber, to recover the rich dirt of the barnyard and make a lovely rock garden in it. The only trouble was that he preferred the sight of the barns to any view on the place; he had no need of lumber at all; and he abominated a rock garden on a farm above all other things as suburban and an affectation. It was years before he mustered up courage to do what he wanted to do. The Drifter, visiting nearby, caught him at it and received a frank and full explanation. He was standing at the edge of his barn lot watching a couple of workmen cementing stones for a foundation—the foundation, in fact, of the largest cow barn. "Yes," he said, in response to the Drifter's question, "I'm having them fixed up. They'll tumble down in a few years if I don't, and it would cost me thousands of dollars to build new ones. No, we aren't getting any stock. I suppose we may never need those barns as long as we live. But I sort of like the look of them right there where they've always been. I can't afford to do any work on them, but I'm doing it anyway. I'm making a large, unnecessary, entirely useless expenditure just because I want to. I'm tired of spending money for mortgages and interest and taxes and brass pipe and useful gadgets about a house. There isn't a single excuse for fixing those barns. That's why I'm doing it.

* * * * *

TO this superior wisdom the Drifter could only bow in humble gratitude. Here at last was justification, and ample justification, for the poor who go to the movies on the money given them by the charity organization; for the laborer who, earning for the first time in his life eight or ten dollars a day, spends it on phonographs and silk shirts and second-hand Fords. A lifetime of spending money on necessities, the things that make life possible, is too long.

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There must be vacations sometime, when money is squandered on the most fanciful of luxuries. In an ideal society it should not be necessary to justify such expenditure. But in this one, where the Drifter's friend lives, all sorts of explanations have to be made to any impertinent fellow who chooses to inquire. Nor will the questioner be interested in the true explanation. He will suspect an ulterior motive. He will insist on smelling a rat, on seeing not an old barn restored for nothing except its owner's pleasure, but a hidden fortune, a projected applejack mill or gymnasium or dance hall. The Drifter, being a person of superior wisdom himself, knew his friend spoke the truth and honored him for it. Most persons who watched the workmen at their task of repairing the barns, not to mention the workmen themselves, thought the man was plumb crazy.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Summer School for Workers

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The Barnard Summer School for Women Workers in Industry is facing a serious situation. Now in its fifth year, this school is planning to enrol sixty women this summer from the factories of New York City for a seven weeks' course. Never has the school received so many applications. One hundred women are eager to come. In addition, a group of forty men have become interested and are also applying for admission. Most of these workers applying are unemployed. They are eager to study those subjects which will give them a better understanding of the whole industrial situation. With this unusually large number of applicants the Barnard school is short of funds. Many subscriptions have been cut this year; others have been withdrawn entirely. The committee in charge must decide whether to carry on the school this summer with a small number of students or to close it entirely.

The course at Barnard is similar to that given at Bryn Mawr and at other summer schools for workers. It includes economics, English, and general science, taught in small classes and by a tutoring system. Every student receives a scholarship covering instruction and two meals a day for five days a week. The students live at home in New York City. As an experiment with a type of school adapted to the needs of workers in a large industrial center, this school is unique. We need help in order not to disappoint these unemployed workers who are hoping to attend this summer.

New York, May 24 HILDA W. SMITH

Amend the Naturalization Law

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your recent editorial comment on the Macintosh and Bland decisions of the United States Supreme Court, I notice with regret that you do not emphasize the fact that the Supreme Court construed not a constitutional provision, but a mere Act of Congress. The only provision on the subject in the Constitution is in Article 1, Section 8, and reads: "The Congress shall have power . . . to establish a uniform rule of naturalization." A movement to amend the act, in view of the decisions in the two cases as well as in the Schwimmer case, is therefore clearly indicated and will receive, I have no doubt, your strong editorial support. It seems very necessary, however, that people should realize that Congress has power to act in the premises, so that they may bring pressure to bear upon it to do so.

New York, June 1 ALBERT HIRST

Richard Doddridge Blackmore

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am undertaking the collection of material for a biography of Richard Doddridge Blackmore, author of "Lorna Doone," and shall be grateful for information that will contribute to a vital portrayal of the man. I shall be especially glad to hear from those who knew him personally, and to have copies of his letters sent to me at 704 Buckeye Street, Wooster, Ohio.

Wooster, Ohio, May 8 WALDO H. DUNN

Two Per Cent Buttons

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your readers have doubtless heard the story of the days of the 1905 revolution in St. Petersburg, when the revolutionists shouted for a constitution and the troops thought that "Constitutza" was the mistress of one of the grand dukes. We have something like that happening out here in Los Angeles just now. Some of our pacifist friends are distributing Einstein's "2 per cent buttons," and people take it for granted that they are agitating for 2 per cent beer!

Pasadena, May 19 UPTON SINCLAIR

The Reporter's Art

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Several of us here in Washington wish to thank you for Mr. Hallgren's series of articles on the political and economic situation in Wisconsin, Chicago, Detroit, and South Bend. They remind one that reporting can be an art.

Washington, May 14 LUDWELL DENNY

Contributors to This Issue

WALTER ARNOLD RUKEYSER has since 1929 been consulting engineer having direction of operations of the Russian Asbestos Trust in the Ural Mountains.

NORMAN THOMAS, a contributing editor of *The Nation*, is the author of "America's Way Out: A Program for Democracy."

RUBY A. BLACK is a well-known Washington newspaper correspondent.

ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN is professor of English at Wells College.

HENRY BAMFORD PARKES is the author of "Jonathan Edwards."

GEORGE E. G. CATLIN has recently published "A Study of the Principles of Politics."

ARTHUR WARNER is the author of "A Landlubber's Log."

WILLIAM SEAGLE is an assistant editor of the Encyclopaedia of the Social Sciences.

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Books

The Man Indoors

By ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

The man who seems a large man out-of-doors
May grow small when he is through his chores
  And sits inside with women for the night.
  Somehow, his hands do not become him right,
His back and thighs, so fine above a furrow,
Move with confidence less fine and thorough.
  He sits with shoulders rounded, roughly skinned,
  Who lately was essential as the wind
And rude and upright as a seasoned tree.
The cautious grace has left his slackened knee.
  Gone is every trace of that caress
  His body outdoors made of weariness.
He sits and listens to his wife. His thighs
Are less alive and conscious than his eyes.
  His strength is in his way, the thews betray
  The man who played Creator in the clay.
He is less entire than the sun,
Now his day and furrowing are done.

O. Henry

The Caliph of Bagdad: Being Arabian Nights Flashes of the Life, Letters, and Work of O. Henry—William Sydney Porter. By Robert H. Davis and Arthur B. Maurice. D. Appleton and Company. $3.50.

THIS fascinating volume belongs to the best of all the many kinds of biography. I suppose it is too late to do anything about the title and the subtitle. If these are good, then Boswell should have called his work "The Great Cham: Being Anecdotes and Reminiscences of the late Dr. Samuel Johnson." For this is a Boswellian biography. The subject—whom the authors knew well—becomes the hero; but he is drawn to the life. The whole story is told. The generous volume is packed full of letters, quotations, reminiscences, anecdotes, all kinds of tales—authenticated and doubtful, legendary and recorded, impossible but never (to borrow a nice distinction used by Professor C. Alphonso Smith in his own "O. Henry Biography" apropos of the O. Henry stories) improbable. Not only does "Bob Davis recall"; dozens of editors, journalists, novelists, playwrights, friends of Bill Porter from all over, from the South and West, from South America and prison days, all contribute their bits. And the authors have leaned heavily, wherever it suited their purpose, on previously published material—notably on Professor Smith's book. The result is a conglomeration of material from which the figure and character of William Sydney Porter emerge, for the first time, plain and in the round. There also emerge, incidentally, many pictures of the American scene during O. Henry's lifetime, especially of the New York of the first decade of this century—its editorial world and Grub Street, its restaurants and saloons, its color and manners.

O. Henry is the man who, in the current phrase of his day, came back. He made his one great mistake—the flight to Honduras on account of a crime of which he was then and is now considered innocent. Had he not fled he would undoubtedly have been acquitted. He returned in time to comfort the last days of his dying wife and to face his trial. Porter's nature was one which shrank from cruelty, viciousness, or unredeemed ugliness. That is why his work never gets down to fundamentals. We knew before how close he came to suicide during his early months in prison; and this not because of his own hardships, for he was well treated from the beginning and held a "soft job." But the torture and cruelty, the disregard for human life and suffering, which he as drug clerk in the prison saw going on all around him seemed more than he could bear. So searing was the prison experience that after he came out he could never reveal his secret to his closest friends—and all of them knew about it from other sources but were afraid to be frank with him. That secret was, as Mr. Davis calls it, his Old Man of the Sea. Al Jennings in his "Through the Shadows with O. Henry" tells how he urged O. Henry to write some scorching stories of prison life, to waken in the minds of the American people the need for prison reform—something that was very close to both of them. But Will Porter could never do it. He couldn't use the experience—except indirectly. I think this softness, this desire to escape from the touch of horror and bitterness, prevented O. Henry from becoming a great writer. Perhaps the prison years were too strong a dose. And yet it was in prison that he found the time and freedom from economic pressure to forge his technique. Some of his good stories were written there.

The biography, like the stories of its hero, belongs to the old New York rather than to the new—to the old sophistication, to the days of saloons and famous bars in famous hotels and restaurants, to the "man's world" of the old night life, to the old Bowery, the old East Side, the old Madison Square. It is romantic. There are humor and tears. And like his stories, O. Henry's latest biography—though outside our fashion—has a unique quality about it—something gallant and large of heart and surprising. Looking back on the immediate past, we often find both truth and fiction very strange.

FRED T. MARSH

Make Money and Read Homer

Schliemann: The Story of a Gold-Seeker. By Emil Ludwig. Little, Brown and Company. $3.50.

EMIL LUDWIG is on the defensive. In his preface to "Schliemann," the latest of his biographies, he backs into a corner, crouches slightly, raises a right elbow to guard his jaw, and faces his critics. He protests that he is not an analyst; he does not examine character—he describes it. His voice drops and his right arm falls. He becomes engaging. No, he has not written too many books (there is a suggestion of a smile), nor has he written them too rapidly. He hopes, modestly, that this book, his "Schliemann," will be an example to youth, an inspiration. Perhaps Herr Ludwig has a moral in mind; read the book and see.

It so happens that Heinrich Schliemann is not only an example (example is too mild a word) but something of a caution. What a man! Son of a profligate minister in a little German village, narrow-chested, spectacled, with a meager education that gave him a passion for learning, he ran away from home and stormed the counting houses of Amsterdam. Once definitely settled in a job where he could utilize his remarkable ability as a linguist, nothing could stop him. In so far as his desire for learning went, he was a full-fledged idealist, imaginative, sentimental, fiery, inaccurate, but in handling money he never lost his head or a cent of the profits that he saw mounting in his private ledger. He taught himself Russian and persuaded his employer to send him as an agent to Moscow.

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To Moscow he went, and within a short time was chief of his own importing house—banker, jobber, commission merchant, and agent, all in one. He rose at five in the morning, breakfasted at five-thirty, worked in a frenzy all day, studied languages at night, and was virtuously pleased with himself. He married a Russian woman, not for money as one might expect, but because he had a sentimental yearning for domesticity. Once he had captured a home, he had no use for it, nor time to spend with the woman in charge; he was too busy making millions. Even the Crimean War was turned to his advantage. Suddenly, however, things began to go awry. Business was not so good; his marriage was a failure. He promptly shut up shop, pocketed his profits, which were no small sum indeed, and sailed for America. He secured a transatlantic divorce, and then, apparently quite by accident, rediscovered his boyish love for Homer and ancient Greece by gazing at a photograph of a Greek girl. He wrote letters to the girl and soon arrived at her home in Athens with a proposal of marriage. His new wife was the beginning of a new career. Schliemann read his Homer literally; there could be no doubt, Homer was Homer. There was nothing to do but to find Troy. Well, Schliemann applied the same dogmatic talents that had made him a millionaire to the business of archaeology. The dust flew. He not only made possible the discovery of Homeric Troy, but in his haste, his eagerness to see the body of Agamemnon, he uncovered civilizations older than Troy itself. He was a little mad, but no matter, he had outplayed archaeologists at their own game, and even went so far as to name his young son Agamemnon and his little daughter Andromache. He spoke of his first love, now a grandmother in a German village, as Cleopatra. There were no limits to Schliemann's Homeric legend. He lived the Odyssey.

Ludwig handles the story admirably. It is as though Schliemann had lived for the sole purpose of becoming the hero of a Ludwig biography. Whenever Ludwig refers to him as Napoleonic, somehow the adjective seems singularly apt. All that Schliemann, the successful financier and archaeologist, lacked was the dignity of Napoleon's failure. As for the moral contained in this biography, one would say that it pays to be a little bit crazy and to make as much money as possible.

HORACE GREGORY

A Christ Without Strength?

Son of Woman: The Story of D. H. Lawrence. By John Middleton Murry. Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. $3.50.

MURRY presents Lawrence as a Christ who had not sufficient strength to carry his burden. Lawrence, he says, was endowed with a spiritual sensitivity and power of sympathy which have rarely been equaled in history; unable to endure the sufferings which such a temperament causes, he tried to escape into a condition of subhuman mindlessness. His method of escape was sex: unfortunately his attachment to his mother made him incapable of genuine love; and his lack of virility and his unmanly need for feminine consolation made his sexual experiences one long humiliation. Lawrence tried to justify himself by formulating a doctrine of two infinities, the sensual and the spiritual; his ideal was a balance between the two; but as he was unable to find any method of genuinely reconciling them, this ideal led to a disintegration of his personality. At the end of his life he abandoned all hope of salvation for himself; a harmonized personality and a happy married life became a mere dream possible only to different people in a different world.

Murry gives his own answers to Lawrence's problems—answers which will be unacceptable and probably unintelligible to all but his own disciples. The problems are, however, fairly stated, and the study of Lawrence's psychological experiences is extraordinarily penetrating; Murry analyzes all his more important writings and draws, when necessary, on his own recollections; he was, for a period, Lawrence's closest friend. He proves that Lawrence himself never found a satisfactory answer to his own problems; he lays bare the confusion and inconsistency of his attempted answers, and shows that much of Lawrence's preaching about sex was mere wish-fulfilment dictated by his own lack of virility. This book arouses pity and terror as few works of fiction do—pity for Lawrence's forty-five years of misery, and terror because Lawrence's dilemma is that of civilized man—and if lesser persons are not broken by it, it is through apathy and not because they have discovered any solution.

HENRY BAMFORD PARKES

Individualism at Bay

Social Politics and Modern Democracies. By Charles W. Pipkin. The Macmillan Company. Two volumes. $7.50.

PROFESSOR PIPKIN is the author of a book on "Social Justice" which he has now elaborated into a substantial two-volume work on social and industrial legislation in England and France during the present century. Since the major change in the conceptions of the function of government which marks our own age is that from the emphasis upon "maintaining peace and enforcing contracts" to the recognition of the concern of the state with welfare and the good life, the importance of the field which Professor Pipkin's work covers scarcely requires stress. The education acts, old-age pensions, national health insurances, unemployment insurances—all come under Professor Pipkin's survey, which also includes a sketch of the British labor movement and of French syndicalism. Some kind of guide through the intricacies of this rapidly shifting legislation is quite indispensable, and Professor Pipkin's careful and comprehensive work will supply the need. The only doubt which arises is whether, even in so large an undertaking, he does not range too far afield and thus deprive himself of the opportunity of studying intensively, for example, the implications of the system of regulations issued by the Ministry of Health for the whole conception of administrative government in England. These general considerations are at least as important in shaping future policy as abbreviated descriptions of the acts themselves.

That this voluminous social legislation has involved a change of philosophy concerning the relations of the state and the individual and has required, even if it has not received, the guidance of some kind of philosophy of the good social life is made clear by the extremely interesting contrast between the policy pursued in England and in France. Professor Pipkin has been well advised to choose precisely these two countries. He himself adopts a quotation given by Professor Siegfried: the French "give people leisure so that they may read books but the Anglo-Saxons give them leisure so that they can have an automobile." Again Professor Siegfried writes: "Politically the Anglo-Saxon state is moral rather than intellectual." The "backwardness" of France, from the Anglo-Saxon point of view, in social and hygienic regulations, the "impractical tendencies" of its labor movement are to be accounted for by this demand for the right to be leisured and to discuss rather than for the means to be efficient and organized. It is not, indeed, clear that it is better to read the *Autocar* than to own an automobile. It is not clear that the leisure of the many is feasible save upon condition that there is restriction upon the liberty of the few, or that an intelligent civilization is rightly intelligent

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if it does not issue in "moral cooperation" and, for example, reduction of the infant death-rate. Intellect is not enough. Only reason is enough—which is not the same thing.

The issue is, indeed, the profound one whether a polished culture, such as is almost necessarily individualistic, and even egoistic and narcissistic, is to be regarded as the adornment or as the end of civilization. The extent of social legislation in France Professor Pipkin's book records, but the book also makes apparent the profound conservatism of the French spirit, which casts its shadow in the violence of the French revolutionary tendencies. Those who consult these two useful volumes of Professor Pipkin's will discover the extent to which inroads have been made, in two of the most civilized countries of the world, upon the doctrine of "no governmental interference." In considering, however, the differences between these two countries, they will be forced to ask themselves the fundamental question whether material prosperity, with its requirements in cooperation, is the ultimate object of social endeavor, or is the inevitable precondition of popular happiness, or is an obstacle to civilized living so far as its mechanical requirements enchain the individual.

GEORGE E. G. CATLIN

As to Mr. Tomlinson—

Out of Soundings. By H. M. Tomlinson. Illustrated by H. Charles Tomlinson. Harper and Brothers. $4.

I HAVE been slow in writing about this book, and I will explain why. Soon after getting the volume—it is a collection of miscellaneous essays—I sat down one evening and, beginning at the front, read several chapters. I was not greatly impressed. The writing was good—Mr. Tomlinson's always is—but the articles did not say much to me. I concluded that they had been bundled together to sell on the reputation of "The Sea and the Jungle" and the more recent success of "All Our Yesterdays." That was all right; in our economic system it was a valid excuse for marketing a book, but not necessarily for reading it. I thought to say that—and not much more—when I got around to saying anything. But there was no hurry about saying anything—or about reading farther in the book either.

A little later several reviews of the volume appeared, filled with what struck me as extravagant—almost fulsome—praise. It seemed probable that the writers were reviewing Mr. Tomlinson's reputation rather than the collection of essays at hand; unconsciously they were imagining in his latest book some of what they had enjoyed in earlier volumes. I thought to say something about that too when I got around to commenting on "Out of Soundings."

Eventually I read more of the essays, switching from the front to near the back and selecting the one entitled, A Footnote to the War Books. It seemed to throw a cool but revealing light on war and post-war psychology. It contained a measure of those fine perceptions, those rare understandings, that come only from a delicately geared, high-tension mind. Reading farther, the same qualities were encountered in the essays entitled Côte d'Or, Exploration, A Lost Wood, and others. It was necessary to revise my first estimate of "Out of Soundings."

Mr. Tomlinson does not put his best apples at the top of the basket. Yet it is not certain that he puts them at the bottom either. What seems to be more true is that you have to eat slowly and taste carefully in order to get the flavor of the fruit. Or putting it another way, he is a nourishing rather than a stimulating writer; he offers food, not cocktails. You most not expect too immediate an effect, and must meet him halfway with an adequate digestion.

The best writing is not what we call "timely"; it is timeless. Robert Louis Stevenson tells a fable of a monk who sat down in a wood one day to listen for a moment to the song of a nightingale. When the monk returned to the monastery he found it falling into decay and his brothers all old men. The peculiar virtue of Mr. Tomlinson's mind is that it is not too much immersed in its era. He does not assume that what is new is better, merely because of its newness, than what is old. He looks past the gadgets of the twentieth century to contemplate enduring beauty and permanent value. Honesty and restraint are two of the characteristics of his writing. His honesty does not restrict itself to saying what he believes and not saying what he doubts. It is an honesty which tests everything scrupulously. It is that precious quality which the French describe as a sense of measure. Perhaps, after that, it is not necessary to add anything about restraint. It is an inevitable consequence, or part, of that kind of honesty.

I still think that some of the critics of "Out of Soundings" are extravagant. They have written as Mr. Tomlinson himself would not write were he able to review impersonally his own volume. They have sinned against his own canons of honesty and restraint. It looks as if some admirers were trying to do for Mr. Tomlinson what ill-advised enthusiasts of Joseph Conrad did for him some years before his death—raise him too high. While it raged, the Conrad worship did serious harm to other writers ambitious to portray the sea. Probably no writer ever should attempt to imitate another, but imitation of Conrad was a little more devastating than that of almost anybody else. Conrad penned some pages of masterly and limpid imagery, but he wrote also some painfully murky ones, and the advice to other writers on the sea to duplicate his "mystery," to reproduce his "spell," released a fog of adjectives amid which it was hard to distinguish a patch of blue water. In recent years Conrad has been lowered considerably and Herman Melville raised in his stead. Ten years hence Melville will be laid by the heels to make room for—*quien sabe?*

But I am wandering. From reviewing Mr. Tomlinson I straggled off to review his reviewers and then to review Messrs. Conrad, Melville, and Quien Sabe. Let me merely suggest in closing that whatever else be said of Mr. Tomlinson, he is too able a writer to need a claque and too live a one to welcome a monument.

ARTHUR WARNER

A Revolution in Vienna

Pilgrims of '48. One Man's Part in the Austrian Revolution of 1848 and a Family Migration to America. By Josephine Goldmark. Yale University Press. $4.

THE first half of this book comprises a sketch, well written and exceptionally informative, of the revolutionary movement in Austria, and particularly in Vienna, in 1848-50, the description of the political, social, and cultural life of the old Austria being skilfully mingled with an account of the agitation which attempted, first by political means and then by violence, to secure constitutional government and political and intellectual liberty. Joseph Goldmark, the author's father, a young doctor and chemist just out of the university, was a prominent revolutionary leader, and the story of his life forms the core of the historical narrative. Indicted for high treason and complicity in the brutal murder of Latour, the aged Minister of War, whom he had in fact risked his life to protect, Goldmark escaped from Austria and made his way to America, whither the Wehle family of Prague, into which he later married, had preceded him.

The second half of the book recounts the experiences of this family, and incidentally of other political exiles, and of

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Goldmark himself, the former mainly in what is now the Central West and the latter in New York. Goldmark began medical practice in New York, but shortly turned his attention to the manufacture of percussion caps and cartridges, the fruit of chemical researches which had attracted notice in Vienna, and it was from his factories that the federal government obtained most of its supplies of those articles during the Civil War. Following the promulgation by the Emperor Francis Joseph, in 1867, of a general amnesty for political offenses, Goldmark went back to Vienna and obtained an annulment of his conviction, returning shortly to America, where he died in 1880. One of his daughters married Louis D. Brandeis, now Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court. Miss Goldmark has not only produced a charming volume of history, biography, and reminiscence, but has also in so doing pointed to a field that might well be further explored.

WILLIAM MACDONALD

The Chronic Criminal Law

Criminal Justice in America. By Roscoe Pound. Henry Holt and Company. $2.

Our Criminal Courts. By Raymond Moley. Minton, Balch and Company. $3.50.

THE chronic maladministration of the criminal law in our country is the subject of both of these books. It would be pleasant to report to the American citizen weary of crime waves and racketeering that Dean Pound and Professor Moley, who are both eminent authorities—indeed, the former is a member of the Wickersham Commission and warns his readers against regarding his remarks as other than *obiter dicta*—are in essential agreement in their perspectives and have programs to offer capable of reasonably immediate realization. But one cannot read them together without being struck not only by their frequent variance in conclusions but by their radically different methods of approach. Without either explicitly referring to the other, they seem to be almost carrying on a debate. Although both profess a skeptical and tentative point of view, it is only Professor Moley who adheres closely to it. Dean Pound presumably regards the criminal law as chaotic, but being a person of a rationalizing turn of mind, he finds in it the development of a sort of harmonious chaos.

The essential core of Dean Pound's analysis of the breakdown of the criminal law is that it is anachronistic. Its machinery, inherited from English legal institutions of the eighteenth century, was adapted to the conditions of an agricultural pioneer America in which crime was occasional and sporadic and in which religious and social controls remained unchallenged, but the machinery is no longer capable of coping with the demands of a twentieth-century industrialized and urbanized America, in which crime is increasingly professional and organized and in which the whole cultural complex is in dissolution. On the other hand, the adjustment of the criminal law to the new age involves certain fateful difficulties. There are certain inherent obstacles in the administration of justice according to law. Dean Pound speaks of the "antinomy of criminal justice." To be efficient the criminal law would have to override safeguards of individual freedom, but it dare not do so because of our democratic institutions. The criminal law is almost predestined not to work because of the evil influence of politics in a democracy. We have "too many laws," yet because of the complex character of our society and the extent of modern administration we cannot do without them. And so on through a series of dilemmas. The only hope for the future lies in discarding the old punitive system of criminal law for a system of a preventive criminal justice.

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No doubt there is a good deal in Dean Pound's main argument that is very suggestive, but its application to specific problems of the criminal law begins to show inherent weaknesses and contradictions. If the criminal law is only one of the factors of control in the cultural complex, if the criminal law can accomplish only so much, it seems unprofitable to concentrate for the most part, as Dean Pound does, upon a sociological examination of the legal rules of criminal justice to discover the differences of conditions which have impaired their usefulness. To take but one example, the effect of the local territorial basis of criminal prosecution—if it is so much easier for a criminal to get away now by crossing county and State boundaries because of enhanced means of communication, it must have been no less easy in the eighteenth century because of the fact that a criminal had to go only a small distance to escape. On the other hand, Dean Pound's evaluation of many particular factors in the cultural complex must remain debatable—for instance, the effect of the decay of religious influences. In short, if the criminal law suffers from certain inevitable antinomies, they were as operative in the eighteenth as in the twentieth century. The necessary implication of Dean Pound's argument is that the criminal law worked far better then than now. But has the criminal law ever worked? The very fact that it has been called into operation is an evidence of social strain. So far as social factors are concerned, the conditions of twentieth-century industrialism and urbanization prevail not only in America but in other countries, which however do not suffer from so great a collapse of criminal prosecution. Indeed, England, the very country from which we have inherited our legal machinery, has now a comparatively good record. The search for variables is one of the most important tasks which a sociological jurisprudence such as that represented by Dean Pound can perform, but the inevitable result of the search has become a tendency to overlook the constants of human nature and the more fundamental social institutions.

Professor Moley's "Our Criminal Courts" is in a sense a continuation and completion of his earlier "Politics and Criminal Prosecution." In the latter he showed the effects of American politics upon criminal prosecution, particularly in connection with the extraordinary accession of virtually dictatorial powers to American prosecuting attorneys as a result of their discretion in accepting pleas—a fact that would indicate that American criminal law has perhaps "adjusted" itself somewhat, although through a rather questionable administrative process. The realism of this analysis of the preliminary stage of criminal prosecution is maintained in the present work in the examination of the problems of the subsequent stages of trial and punishment. The petit jury is now shown to have been undermined no less than the grand jury, and some evidence is given to show that this is true in the rural counties as well as the urban centers. But as a result of the preliminary examination in magistrates' courts, the ordinary trial courts are given an opportunity to function in fewer and fewer cases; thus the "machinery" of criminal prosecution, whether of the model of the eighteenth or twentieth century, is called into action very infrequently. Professor Moley's skepticism is with a few strange exceptions particularly marked in dealing with the standard panaceas for reform of the criminal law—from changing procedure through crime commissions to non-partisan judicial nominations by bar associations. How far this skepticism goes can be judged from such observations as these: "There is no 'criminal law,' there are criminal laws." "The inappropriateness to the conditions of the times is no new condition." "It is hardly sound to assert as some of the 'socially minded' persist in doing, that 'a criminal law based upon vengeance' must yield to a criminal law based on something or other else. 'It' is based upon little that has not changed since 'it' was formulated. It cannot be adjusted to a 'new' conception because apparently a 'new' conception has not yet formulated itself." Such sense has not been spoken since Mr. Tutt, the celebrated creation of Arthur Train, discoursed on the criminal law. Thus Professor Moley sets no great present store by the "preventive" criminal justice of the future of which Dean Pound rather vaguely but hopefully talks. Presumably it means an administration by scientific criminologists of the indeterminate sentence, probation, and parole; but Professor Moley, in common with most thoughtful students, shows himself not too optimistic about the immediate possibilities of these devices, in view of the fact that, apart from other present limitations as criminological techniques, their administration is left largely to political hacks. In any event, to apply even a preventive justice we must first be able to convict criminals.

Neither Professor Moley nor Dean Pound indulges in any propaganda for a program of radical political reform as a condition precedent to remedying the criminal law, but they might well have done so. The social amelioration of the state may be achieved to a large extent long before it is made either almost perfect or communistic. It is the tendency now to underestimate the value and importance of political institutions, but they constitute the fundamental technique of human relations, of which the criminal law is only a part. It is only the small chance of accomplishing at present a really radical alteration of the American political system that makes the situation so discouraging. Apparently at present neither God nor Mr. Tutt can help us.

WILLIAM SEAGLE

Books in Brief

A Shakespeare Bibliography. By Walter Ebisch and Levin L. Schücking. Oxford University Press. $7.50.

A selective bibliography of books and articles about Shakespeare was badly needed, particularly one which took account of the scholarship of the past twenty years. The present compilers, confining themselves within 300 pages, have performed their task with an excellent economy. Their classification of the material is interesting and useful, and their comments, when comment is made, are expert. Much is missing here, of course; but there is scarcely one significant omission.

Mencken and Shaw. By Benjamin De Casseres. Silas Newton. $2.50.

By way of subtitle Mr. De Casseres calls his book "The Anatomy of America's Voltaire and England's Other John *Bull.*" That last italicized word and remarks like "there are so many Lucifers, Menckens, and De Cassereses that give Abra a pain in the cadabra," are examples of the depths to which this collection of unrelated notes sinks. Occasionally one of them hits the mark for a bull's eye. The extraordinary verbal fireworks, when good, are very good. But the duds are things to look out for.

The History of the Mayas: From the Earliest Times to the Present Day. By Thomas Gann and Eric Thompson. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

The title of this book is too ambitious for its contents. The history before the Spanish conquest is limited almost entirely to statements of the founding dates of the known Mayan cities; the history after the conquest is a routine anthropological description of the Mayan communities. The authors provide neither conclusive generalization nor interesting detail. Its literary lacks make the book unattractive for general reading, but its accuracy makes it useful as a reference book for the student of Mayan civilization.

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